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PLOTS THAT FAILED

He had fancied that he liked Bab at that other ball; but it was nothing to the fierce throbs that filled his heart and soul for this dazzling young creature. He knew that half of the people in the room were commenting upon his conduct, amazed that he dare so monopolize the Spanish princess, he who was so soon to become the husband of another.

He never thought of Bab in the presence of the Spanish beauty. His betrothed was as thoroughly forgotten as though she had never existed. The young men present were fairly furious at the audacity of Rupert Downing.

"The princess has fallen in love with his handsome face at first sight," they said. "She does not know that he is not for love, some one must inform her of it."

"Like the impressionable maidens of her race, her heart goes out to the first man upon whom her fancy lights."

They pressed the good dames present into the service of their cause, declaring that some one ought to speak to the girl about it, inform her that his heart was supposed to be elsewhere, that he was not heart whole and fancy free.

It was so delicate a matter that most of the ladies declined to interfere, declaring that it was neither the time nor the place, and the scores of world-be suitors looked on in despair to see Rupert Downing dance again and again with the dazzling Spanish princess.

"Surely Miss Barbara Haven would hear of it," they said, one to the other, and they wondered what would happen then.

The manner in which Rupert Downing was desperately flirting — ay, enamored, with the beautiful princess — was the talk of the ballroom. Women pitied the lovely fiancee who was ill at home; men realized the truth, that the bridegroom-to-be was fickle, that he was already enslaved by the first pretty face that crossed his path when his betrothed was not with him.

So enamored was Rupert Downing with his companion that he threw prudence to the winds. He did not care what the people said. All he knew was that this girl's presence intoxicated him like strong wine.

He hovered around her like a moth about a flame, knowing that his wings would be singed, but caring not. Twice or thrice in passing Lillian Harvey the eyes of the two girls met.

If they had known the merry princess better, those about her would have seen that the roguish maiden was ripe for mischief. She led on the handsome American as coyly as the most finished coquette of half a dozen seasons. She could see that he was infatuated with her, and she said to herself:

"The heaven is working well. I have fascinated him. Lillian was right; he does not love the pretty Bab whom they say he is to wed. I shall soon be able to demonstrate that fact to her and to her friends. But, now that I have him on my hands, I am afraid that he is destined to prove a white elephant. I can scarcely keep him from making love to me already, and I have known him but a few hours."

She had avoided a tete-a-tete with him, but after the last waltz the cool shadowy balcony looked so inviting, she could not resist the oportunity of resting there a few minutes at any cost.

"Let me bring you an ice," he murmured, seating her beneath the boughs of a beautiful magnolia tree.

"I can almost imagine I am in sunny Spain again," she murmured, touching the flowers with her lips, which were more luscious crimson than the blossoms, and with that moon shining over the trees, jeweling the grass and the leaves, wherever the arrowy shafts of moonlight fall——"

"I thank heaven you are not," he breathed hoarsely, and he bent nearer, so near that the dark, curling moustache brushed the blue-black curls, as he added: "If you had remained in beautiful Spain we should never have met."

"And now that we have," she whispered, almost laughing in his face.

His countenance blanched.

"—I should not tell you, but the words burn themselves from my heart to my lips; I cannot keep them back, for my heart has gone out to you."

"Hush, Hush! You must not say this to me," she cried.

"Do not chide me! If you never speak to me again, I must tell you. My heart has gone out to you. I—I love you, Princess Eulalia, scorn me, detest me as you may for saying it. In you and in this hour I have met my fate. There is a reason why I should not tell you this, but I am desperate."

To his great surprise she did not chide him, and the gaze in the beautiful dark eyes seemed to invite him to proceed.

CHAPTER LI.

So thoroughly in earnest was Rupert Downing that he did not notice the gleam of mischief in the girl's dark eyes as she raised them to his face, and he went on, hoarsely, eagerly:

"Let me ask you one question, beautiful princess; give me an answer direct from your heart: Should a man marry one young girl when every throb of his heart beats with love for another, and when this love has come to him in time to prevent him from fettering himself for life to an unloved wife? Surely there can be but one answer, sweet princess—can there?"

"No man should marry a young girl whom he does not love," assented the princess, solemnly adding: "Such a marriage is nothing short of a crime. When the knowledge dawns upon him that it is friendship rather than love which fills indifference between you is mutual—"

"It is so," he interrupted, wondering feverisnly what she was about to remark upon the situation. He was not to be kept long in suspense.

"Before you have one word more to say to me regarding your interest in me, get from your fiancee a letter in which she fully and freely releases you; inclos it with a letter to me stating if you really have experienced a change of heart and desire to transfer your affections to me, and I will give your proposal careful consideration."

"Oh, my beautiful darling!" he cried, falling into the cunningly-laid trap headlong, as it were. "You have made me the happiest man the whole wide world holds. How shall I tell you what a world of hope your words have opened out to me. I see paradise on earth gleaming like a star in the near future for us; I——"

The sentence was never finished, for the princess arose to her feet quickly, saying:

"Not another word, Mr. Downing, until you are in a position to speak words of love. Take me back to the ballroom—and, another thing, you must keep away from me the rest of the evening."

"Oh, my capricious, beautiful darling! do not be cruel to me. You have been so kind; do not shut me out of the light and brilliancy of your near presence. I could——".

Again she shook her dark curly head impatiently.

"I am used to being obeyed implicitly," she said, with a half-piquant haughtiness.

"I beg your pardon. I will be your veritable slave," he murmured, hoarsely, humbly.

Offering her his arm, he reluctantly enough conducted her back to the gorgeous ballroom.

his heart for her, he should break from her at once, even though it be at the very altar. Better far that they should part before marriage than live together in unhappiness or, worse still, part later."

"Your views are quite correct, sweet girl," he murmured, "and that is my case fair princess. I might have led the girl to whom I am in honor bound, because of exchanged vows, to the altar, uttering no word, even though I had discovered that I did not care for her as a man should care for the girl he weds, had I not met another who aroused all the love in my nature at the first glance. Ah, princess, listen to me. From the first moment I saw you——"

She held up her hand with an impatient gesture, exclaiming:

"I will not listen; I did not dream you Americans were so impetuous; you are worse than they are in my own dear Spain to meet a lady in one hour and make violent love to her in the next!"

He was about to speak, but again she held up her little dainty hand, enjoining silence.

"You say you do not love this lady, and you give me to understand that the He did not attempt to dance the remainder of the evening, but sat within a bower of palms watching the princess, with his heart in his eyes.

He never realized the flight of time; all that he could think of was that he had won the love—at first sight—of the most beautiful young girl that he had ever beheld, as well as one who was fabulously wealthy.

And the castles in Spain which his imagination erected were surely the most magnificent air-castles ever built.

From the moment he had brought her back to the ball-room she had not paid any attention to him whatever, but danced and flirted with every other young man in the ball-room, until he was half distracted with jealousy.

He would have stridden out upon the floor and taken her from them had not his judgment told him that, because of his entanglement with another, for the present discretion was certainly the better part of valor.

How he longed to say to them:

"It is quite useless for you to attempt to win her favor, for you do not stand the least possible chance, for the reason that she is mine!"

Even when the hour came for parting so completely was she hedged in by admirers that he could not get more than a word with her — not even the least opportunity to press her hand. He made his way to his carriage and rode home like a man in a dream, the wonderful event of the evening had so dazed him.

Before he slept that night—ay, five minutes after he had entered his apartments—he sat down and wrote a long letter to Barbara Haven, which read as follows:

"My Dear Barbara: After long and and serious months of anxious thought, which have cost me more sleepless nights than you can well imagine, I am moved to write you in accordance with the truth which I have arrived at.

"I feel that the contents of this letter will surprise you—indeed, it must, at the first reading.

"I will begin what I have to say by telling you, little Bab, that my eyes have been slowly opening for some time past to that which the whole world—our world—seems to have discovered long since, and wondered at my blindness, and that is, that although you have promised to be my bride—aye, even though our wedding day is almost at hand—you do not love me, Bab. I have tried to shut my eyes to the truth, but the time has come when I cannot do it: I am forced to look it squarely in the face.

"With that thought comes another—you are to marry me because of your gratitude toward me—not for love.

"I have come to the realization that a marriage between us under those conditions would be unjust to you. I say nothing of myself. I cannot claim an unwilling bride. I must have the whole heart of the girl whom I wed as well as her respect.

"I feel that deep down in your heart you find the chains of the betrothal which bind you to me irksome; if so, the marriage chains would be a yoke about your neck harder still to endure.

"I say this to you, Bab, realizing the true situation—ere it is too late to change matters. I release you from the promise to marry me, even though it be at the eleventh hour. I herewith set you free.

"I feel that this action on my part will cause you a world of joy, and you will thank me. Never mind how I feel about it: leave me entirely out of the consideration. My only desire is to see you happy, and the only way of accomplishing that is to take this course, which seems wisest and best to me.

"Marriage where two people love each other fondly and truly, is heaven on earth; marriage without love is hades.

"If you agree with me in this course which I have taken, as of course you will, write and tell me so, and I will consider it my dismissal. But for all time consider me always your true friend, Rupert Downing."

CHAPTER LII.

Rupert Dowkning leaned back in his chair and looked with much satisfaction at the long epistle he had just finished, which would sever his betrothal with Barbara Haven.

"How odd it is," he mused, "that we manoeuvre to get this and that, and when it is within our grasp the question which bothers us most is how we can get rid of it. I went to so much trouble to bring the betrothal about, now I am in quite as big a quandary how to break it without a fuss. Fashionable society will talk for a little while when it is announced that the engagement is over, but it will soon die out, to be revived again when my betrothal to the Spanish princess becomes known."

Early the next morning he sent his letter, anxiously awaiting Bab's reply. That she would release him and jump at the opportunity he had not the slightest doubt, but he was more than anxious to have her letter to that affect to send to the princess, that he might begin his wooing.

To say that Bab was surprised when the letter reached her is a mild way of putting it. She was fairly beside herself with delight. She rushed frantically into India's room and threw herself into her cousin's arms.

"Oh, India, you never could guess what has happened," she cried, laughing and sobbing in a breath. "I shall not have to marry Rupert Downing now; I am free, free!"

India looked at her with dilated eyes.

"What do you mean?" she cried, holding the girl off at arm's length, and gazing at her with something like fright.

"Just what I say," cried Bab. "But you will understand it all the better when you read this. I wearied Heaven with my prayers as to how I should get out of it, and they have been answered."

With breathless haste India ran her eyes over the contents of the letter, but Bab could see dimly that her cousin did not seem to share her enthusiasm.

"Aren't you pleased, India?" she cried. "You know how unhappy I was over my approaching marriage?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," she responded, "only, I cannot understand it. He seemed to count the days to the time set for the wedding."

In her own mind India Haven was more worried than she cared to admit.

"What could be the reason for it?" she asked herself. His betrothal to Bab was the only hold she had upon him to keep his lips sealed. Now that that restraint was thrown off she could not be sure that the secrets of her past would be safe with him a single hour.

She knew that she had long been wanted by the French authorities, ay, that they had been searching for her diligently for months past. What if they had traced her, and had paid Rupert Downing a certain sum to induce him to be a damaging witness against her?

If anything of that kind were to occur, her hopes of winning the wealth of old Banker Neville, and ultimately the heart of his son, would be dashed.

She made one resolve, and that was to hurry up her marriage to the feeble old banker. With a marriage tie securely fastened and in possession of a million of money, she could laugh the French authorities to scorn.

"What are you thinking of, India?" cried Bab; "you have such a strange expression on your face."

"I—I was thinking that I have lost my chance of being maid of honor now, and the dress I would have worn no one will see me in."

"I will more than make up the loss to you in a round of pleasure," declared Bab. "My friend, Lillian Harvey, is to give a ball for me, and you shall wear it on that occasion."

"I suppose I must be satisfied with that," said India, with a little, short laugh.

"I must hurry to Madama Larue, and tell her to stop the work on my wedding dress, and how surprised she will be. I will be back directly to talk the matter over with you, India."

"We will postpone our little chat until to-morrow, dear," said India, sweetly. "I am going out shopping."

"Would you not like me to accompany you?" cried Bab.

"Not this time," said India, with another of those little, peculiar laughs, which might mean much or nothing. "To tell you the truth, I am going to stop the engraving on a certain wedding present."

"Oh, Indio!" cried Bab, "of course, it must have been for me."

"You have guessed quite right," replied the other, with a nod. "Don't detain me," she said, as Bab clung to her neck, laughing and weeping in the same breath, "for I shall have barely time to countermand my order."

To the surprise of all the members of the household, India did not take the family carriage, but hastened away on foot.

Half an hour later a veiled young woman presented herself at the bank of which old Mr. Neville was president, and requested to see him without delay.

She was shown immediately to his private office, where the banker sat in sy at his desk.

At the sound of the frou-frou of silken skirts the banker looked up from his papers. One glance at that tall, queenly form and he sprang trembling to his feet. He knew that the queenly form could belong to none other than the gloriously beautiful girl who had promised to be his wife.

"India, my beautiful darling," he cried, "what in the world brings you here?"

"Are you not glad to see me?" she demanded, with an attempt at a light laugh.

"How can you ask it?" he cried. "You know that you are the sunshine of my life, the joy of my existence, the tenderest object my eyes could rest upon. Ay, ay, do not chide me for speaking in such enthusiastic terms, for when my gaze rests upon you I feel the blood throb hotly through my veins, as in the days of my youth, and my heart grows young again."

The lips of the beautiful French girl curled and a gleam which might be scorn, might be hatred, flashed into her eyes; but she was too cunning to permit him to perceive it.

He heard the red lips murmuring something. Just what it was he could not catch.

"What are you saying, India?" he asked.

"I was remarking how devotedly you must love me," she murmured.

"I do, indeed," he declared.

"And I am going to put your love to the test," she went on, with one of those arch smiles which are always irresistible to an aged suitor when they are upon the lips of a fascinating young girl.

"My love can stand any test," cried the old banker, gallantly raising the little white hands to his lips.

"I am here to say that I will marry you to-day, ay, within the hour," murmured India.

"What?" he exclaimed, wondering whether or not he had heard aright.

She repeated her words slowly.

"I am come to marry you here and now, if you are willing," she repeated.

"Willing," he exclaimed. "Oh, India, how can you put it that way when you know how madly I adore you. Willing—why should I not be? I am ready, as you might have known I would be."

"You must not forget that there is a little matter to be attended to, our ante-nuptial agreement."

(To be Continued.)

NO CAUSE TO WORRY.

(Detroit Free Press)

The total coal reserves of the world, the geologists have found, amount to 7,397,593 million tons. About four million million tons are in the form of bituminous coal, three million in lignites and allied form, and 500,000 million tons in anthracite. Since the annual consumption does not exceed a thousand million tons very much it is quite apparent that we are in no immediate danger of the time when we shall have to move to the equator to keep warm. Even at the rate we are using up the supply it will last some six or seven thousand years.

The geologists deserve a vote of thanks for their reassuring report. People had mostly forgotten the matter, but it is well to have reliable statistics at hand to smother the few pests who can be depended on to bob up periodically with their lamentations and to try to frighten us all into new fits.

A new type of vacuum bottle is so constructed that it can be taken entirely apart for cleaning.

HANDS COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Itched So Kept from Sleeping. Passed the Nights Scratching. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Stopped the Itching at Once and Entirely Cured.

60 3rd Ave., Ville Emard, Montreal, Que. —"My trouble started with small pimples on my hands, which itched so that it kept me from sleeping, and I passed the nights scratching it. I did not know what to do with myself. I became so discouraged that I did not have the heart to do my work. My hands were all covered with little watery pimples. For three weeks I had my hands done up to keep them from touching the bed, for I tossed and scratched so that I made them all bloody on the bed-board. I had suffered for three years like this when I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I decided to send for samples of them.

"As soon as I received them, I applied the Cuticura Ointment and washed my hands with Cuticura Soap at night before going to bed. This stopped the itching at once. I continued to use them, using not quite two boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap, and I was entirely cured. My husband had a burn on one of his hands. He anointed it two nights with Cuticura Ointment and has not felt it since. We have great confidence in Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I assure you I shall tell all who suffer with the same disease about them." (Signed) Mrs. Roger Hebert, Dec. 28, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 31D, Boston, U. S. A.

A NEW AILMENT.

Telling Tall Stories Said to be a Disease.

Do you like to stretch a story you hear so it will be a bit more interesting for the next person that comes along? Do you exaggerate everything for effect? Then you have the latest form of insanity—superlativism.

"Superlativism," says Dr. Max Nordau, the famous psychologist and follower of Lombroso, "needs no explanation. It simply means the mania for putting into the most exaggerated form every story, every idea, every feeling.

"There are two kinds of people who have a natural tendency to this language of excess. They are either madmen or charlatans. These unbalanced people receive few impressions, but they are tremendously strong, and each one tries to outdo the other in startling statements.

"And while it is only in the extreme cases that the tendency gets beyond the control, thousands of people go about every day in the incipient stages of this malady."

Dr. Nordau claims the disease originated in Germany, but that it traveled the world over in a remarkably short time.

Easily Identified.

Congressman Seaborn Roddenbury, of Georgia, gently smiled when the talk topic dwelt on the lord and master of the domestic ranch. He said he was reminded of little Johnny's visit to the zoo.

While rambling around among the animals with his father one afternoon, so ran the story of the congressman, little Johnny came to a miniature lake on which two swans were swimming.

"Papa," said Johnny, pointing a chubby little finger out over the lake, "is that the father swan or the mother pecked off his head, and isn't allowed to swan?"

"Which one do you mean, Johnny?" asked the old man, glancing in the direction indicated by the boy.

"I mean the one over there," answered Johnny. "The one with all the feathers have the biscuit or nothing."

"Yes, my son," promptly rejoined pa, with just a suspicion of a sigh. "That's the father swan, all right."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A SAFE TONIC FOR MOTHERS

Who Do Not Recover Their Strength as They Should.

Every mother who fails to regain her health and strength after confinement needs a tonic. The years of weariness and suffering which so often follow are unnecessary and easily avoided. The fact that her strength does not return is a certain indication that her blood supply has been overtaxed and is impoverished. This condition is often made worse when the mother takes up her household duties while she is still weak, when a complete breakdown results. The strength a weak mother needs can be quickly found in the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills increase and enrich the blood supply, and thus bring health and strength to the exhausted system. Mrs. Robt. Little says: "I have nursed for upwards of twenty-five years, and I could relate many cases relieved and cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In maternity cases which I nurse I always use them, and I know of no other medicine that so speedily builds up the mother at this critical time. I have also found them of great value in the case of young girls, and I can add that as for myself they have saved me many a doctor's bill. I feel safe in saying that they are the best tonic medicine I know of."

"Nursing mothers will find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give her just the strength she needs, and they will at the same time aid in keeping her child healthy. If you do not find these Pills at your dealer's, they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Curious Fishing.

In the Hawaiian Islands some of the native fishermen literally go into the water and chase the fish into their nets. The sea round the shores of the island is studed with coral reefs, in which are numerous holes and tiny caves in which the fish hide. The natives row out over the reefs, taking with them a brush about three feet in length, with very long bristles, and shallow nets, something reembleing a paper bag, as they are closed at one end.

As they row over the surface seeking a likely spot, they chew a very oily fruit known as the candle nut. When they consider they have reached a good fishing ground they spit out this nut, which forms a thin film on top of the water, over which the wind passes without leaving a ripple. This enables them to see right down into the clear sea, and if they are satisfied with the outlook they prepare to fish.

Taking the brush in one hand and the net, the mouth of which is propped open by means of a swig or two in the other, they dive noiselessly and quietly overboard. Having arrived at the face of the coral reef, they literally brush the frightened fish out of their dens, endeavoring to catch them in the net as they dart away.

There is one place at least on the coast of Belgium where they go shrimping on horseback. The trawling nets are attached to the sides of saddles carried by horses or big donkeys, and on their back men, and women, too, for that matter, ride into the sea until the animals are almost under water, when they drag the trawls behind them, walking parallel to the shore.

New Combs and Pins.

Rod-pins are revived.

Both plain and rhinestone-set.

High hairdressing is indicated.

Pins and combs meet its requirements.

Sunken stone effects are conspicuous.

Dizzy Headaches Cured in One Night

If Troubled With Head-Fullness, Ringing Noises, Specks Before the Eyes, the Stomach is at Fault.

Quick Relief and Certain Cure Came from Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"I had terrible pains in my head. My appetite faded away, and when I did eat anything it disagreed and made me very sick for hours after each meal. The pains in my stomach and the dizzy headaches I had to endure almost set one wild. Sometimes attacks came on so severely that I had to go to bed. I would feel so worn, depressed and utterly miserable that for hours I wouldn't speak to my family. My system was poisoned with wastes and nothing helped me till I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Without this grand system-cleaning remedy I would still be sick, but each day brought me better health and spirits. I was cured and made strong, ruddy and healthy, and will always use and recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

"MRS. B. C. CURRAN,
"Westport P. O."

Thousands who are in an ailing, low state of health need nothing else but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or the Catarrhozone Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

5,000 WORDS A YEAR.

Something of the Growth of the English Language.

Roughly speaking, the English language may be said to grow at the rate of 5,000 words a year. At least, that is the average growth by the measure of the dictionaries.

Bullokar's "Complete English Dictionary," in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, contained 5,080 words. Thomas Blount's "Glossographia (1656) improved on this and was superseded in its turn by Edward Phillips' "New World of English Words" (1656), a small folio containing 13,000 words; and by the time it reached its sixth edition (1706) the number had grown to 20,000 odd.

Johnson's dictionary, published on April 15, 1755, though it improved all predecessors off the face of the earth by the perfection of its system and the soundness and breadth of its wording, contained only 50,000 words, and it remained master of the field, even at this modest total, until Noah Webster's came along in 1828, and Worcester's "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory English Dictionary," in 1830, with 160,000 and 105,000 words respectively.

The latter part of the nineteenth century kept the ball rolling. The "Imperial Dictionary" contained 200,000 words, and Dr. Funk's "Standard Dictionary" (1894) entered the field with half as many again—318,000 words in all. There have been half a dozen editions of this, and the new one reaches high water mark with a total of 450,000 words, most of which are English beyond question.

A talk with the editor of this undertaking, Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, produces another batch of interesing figures in the same connection. There are something like 3,500 languages or sub-languages in use upon the globe, and of these the main European languages are spoken by the following number of persons:

English is spoken by 160,000,000.
German is spoken by 130,000,000.
Russian is spoken by 100,000,000.
French is spoken by 70,000,000.
Spanish is spoken by 50,000,000.
Italian is spoken by 50,000,000.
Portuguese is spoken by 25,000,000.

"You will bear in mind," said Dr. Vizetelly, "that though the business and editorial work of the New Standard Dictionary is done in New York, it is English in its sources. If it is American in its energies and system, and the list of its contributors includes all of the great specialists in the English intellectual world. By the way, it may interest you to know that among the men who have introduced many new words into the language during the last few years Mr. Roosevelt comes high, and his friend, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the conservator of forests, comes next; Sir Ernest Shackleton beats them both.

"An interesting point or two which occurs to any one like myself," Dr. Vizetelly went on, in reply to questions, "is the extent to which American pronunciation is assimilating itself more and more surely with English. Obsolete versions recommended or admitted by Webster like 'advertisement' and 'sofay' (for sofa) are disappearing fast and steadily. Of course there are differences of pronounciation between districts, and Boston and Massachusetts prefer 'glahss' and 'bahth' in contrast to the short vowel which is used in New York; but then you have the same kind of variance over here in England. And in the case of words like 'vase,' where there are half a dozen pronunciations in English use, we have given them all.

"It is a gratifying thing that Dr. Joyce and Dr. Douglas Hyde have provided me with many fine old English words which have died out except in Ireland, and I am glad to say that America is giving many of them a new lease of life."

"Why the noise?" "The barber is shaving himself." "But why the argument?" "He is trying to persuade himself to have a shampoo."—Louisville Courier-Journal.